

All the Pieces

by
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Fade In

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

A mousy, eight-year-old girl with glasses, FAY, sits at her desk next to a boy with extremely long and shaggy hair, JULIAN.

He sits with his chin in his hands, staring love-struck at Fay as the teacher drones on in the background.

A pencil on Julian's desk rolls slowly off to land on the floor directly between Julian and Fay.

Bending down, Fay picks up the pencil and, with a slight smile, offers it to Julian.

Julian accepts the pencil as an extremely large and goofy grin manifests itself on his face.

Suddenly, Julian stands up and raises his hands in the air.

JULIAN
Attention everyone!

The teacher stops and looks at him.

TEACHER
Did you have something to add to our lecture, Mr. Magillacutty?

JULIAN
No ma'am. Instead, my muse has inspired me with yet another rock operetta in the tradition of Led Zeppelin and Neil Diamond.

Fay shakes her head violently while wordlessly mouthing the word "No" over and over as Julian steps to the top of his desk.

TEACHER
Julian Magillacutty, step down right now!

Julian pauses to pose on his desk, with his fingers in devil horns rising to the sky. He drops his head and closes his eyes.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Julian, this has gone far enough!

Raising his pencil like a microphone, Julian begins to scream a rock anthem out to the class.

JULIAN
Fay, Fay, Fay. What can I say?
(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You're love light shines today. Oh,
yeah, yeah, yeah.

Fay closes her eyes, places her finger to her temples and whispers as Julian continues on in the background.

FAY
God, kill me now. God, kill me now.
God, kill me now.

JULIAN
Oh, Fay, Fay, Fay. You face is warm
and gray. You know I'll never stray
from Fay, A-oh A.

Julian drops into a warble that stuns the entire class as the teacher speaks rapidly into a walkie-talkie.

TEACHER
Front desk! Attention, front desk!
We have a situation.

FAY
God, kill me now. God, kill me now.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. VILLA ON THE MEDITERRANEAN -- DAY

A young lady, dressed in an extremely large eighteenth century dress with the top two buttons undone, lounges across a settee. Her hair is done in a high beehivish do as she fans herself.

The glass door to the veranda is open and shows a magnificent view of the Mediterranean Sea.

A crash is heard from the veranda as a large potted plant rolls across the doorway.

JEAN PHILLIPE LEJEAN, a large, Fabio-esque man, dressed in a cape, mask, pantaloons, and no shirt drops in front of the doorway.

Startled, the young lady glances over to the doorway and sits up.

YOUNG LADY
Jean Phillipe Lejean!

In a very strong French accent, he replies.

JEAN

There is no one like me.

He sweeps into the room like an after Thanksgiving sale.

JEAN (CONT'D)

My dulcet darling, I can smell your yearning like a stale baguette.

The young lady places her hand on her forehead and lies back.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, Jean Phillipe. But my guardian, Reynaldo, is in the next room taking a short siesta. You must leave at once. Oh, but my heart. You have smitten me with the smittingness of the smitten.

JEAN

That's what I do. Yeah.

Jean kneels down next to her and grasps her face in his hands.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Ah, my flowering chrysanthemum of unbridled passion. How I have longed to run my fingers through your...

Jean begins to run his fingers through her hair but they catch and pull her hair. The young lady screams.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't--

Throwing his hands off, she works to undo her hair.

YOUNG LADY

I can do it myself!

She shakes her long chestnut hair out in slow motion.

Mesmerized, Jean reaches over to a table by the settee, grabs a chip, dips it into a bowl and plops it into his mouth.

Immediately, he opens his mouth and allows the chip to drop to the floor.

JEAN

What the heck is that? Tastes like something out of a diaper.

YOUNG LADY

It's humus, my bristling pectoral Romeo.

JEAN

Yeah, okay.

He looks at her with one raised eyebrow.

JEAN (CONT'D)

But I hunger instead for your love.

Reaching down, he grasps her dress and rips it open, spraying buttons everywhere. One button hits Jean in the eye.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Ow! Dang! I didn't know I'd need protective goggles!

The young lady reaches forward, her hand slightly raised toward him.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, my darling. Are you wounded?

Jean looks back at her with a growing bruise on the wounded eye.

JEAN

The only scars I suffer are the ones on my heart from my unrequited love toward you.

His hand rises to cover his bruised eye as he whispers.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Crap!

The young lady leans back and thrusts her chest forward to reveal a very complicated bodice.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, take me now, my raging whirlpool of love!

Jean's eyes grow large as he gazes at the bodice.

JEAN

What the heck is that?

YOUNG LADY

It is my bodice, prince of my heart. Quickly release me from this cloth prison so that we may be consumed in a miasma of lust.

JEAN

Miasma. Yeah.

(under his breath)

Think I'm gonna need the jaws of life for this one.

Shrugging, Jean grasps the bodice and attempts to rip it open.

YOUNG LADY
Hurry, my love!

Jean doubles his efforts.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)
Quickly!

JEAN
Yeah, yeah.

He leans forward and attempts to chew it off.

YOUNG LADY
Oh!

Jean glances up with teeth still planted firmly in the laces of the bodice, growls and shakes his head like a dog worrying a bone.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)
Oh my!

Rolling his eyes heavenward, Jean sits back to examine the bodice.

JEAN
Do you have any pliers, my gently heaving honeysuckle?

YOUNG LADY
No, my prince.

Jean again reaches forward to struggle with the bodice.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)
Oh! Oh my!

Sitting back in apparent defeat, Jean bends down beside the settee.

He rises again with a welder's helmet fastened on his head and pulls an acetylene torch from the ground.

JEAN
I hope you have a lead bra under this thing.

Jean lights the acetylene torch.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Fay, now twenty-something, still cute, still wearing glasses, bangs her head repeatedly on the keyboard of the laptop in front of her.

FAY
No, no, no, no, no.

GWYNNETH, an old lady typing on a laptop next to Fay, stops and turns.

GWYNNETH
Having problems with Jean Phillipe again, dear?

Fay rests her head on the keyboard.

FAY
It's that blasted bodice again.

GWYNNETH
Try using a corset, dear. It's Lady Margoles' favorite undergarment.

FAY
I thought a bodice was a corset.

GWYNNETH
Oh no, dear. They're intended for the same purpose, but the laces are placed differently.

Marilyn, a middle-aged lady, slightly nuts, on the other side of Fay, chips in.

MARILYN
The corset's laces are in the back, while the bodice's are in the front. Like a tangerine.

GWYNNETH
Obviously, the corset was designed for the more well-to-do lady as the laces in the back were set for a servant to tighten.

MARILYN
Certainly, Gwynneth. With the laces in front, the bodice was designed for the lady who had to dress herself. Such as Mary, Queen of Scots or that one lady with three arms.

Fay raises her head and slams shut her laptop.

FAY
Well, that settles it. I can't write now. My dialogue would sound like a history lecture.

She rises and tosses her laptop into its case.

FAY (CONT'D)
Gwynneth. Marilyn. I'm going for a walk.

GWYNNETH
That's good, dear. A walk always does my creative juices good.

MARILYN
I like to watch fish.

Walking over to the counter, Fay addresses the Asian gentleman, HARRY, who is currently cleaning out a mug.

HARRY
Leaving awful early, Miss Fay.

FAY
I've run into a brick wall, Harry.

HARRY
Maybe you should listen to Miss Gwynneth and switch to a corset.

Fay pauses at the door.

FAY
I could make Jean Phillippe a cowboy and it wouldn't help today.

HARRY
See you tomorrow, Miss Fay.

FAY
Bye Harry. Ladies.

GWYNNETH AND MARILYN
Bye.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Fay is walking down the sidewalk, laptop case under her arm, doing a little window shopping.

She passes a few clothing and jewelry stores but halts outside a bookstore window.

In the window is a large poster of a book cover, with the words "book signing today" across the top.

The book cover shows a muscled freak with long hair pulled back and held by a mask, standing over a voluptuous brunette lying on a blanket under a tree.

The title is "A Magnificent Festering" by Fay Clark.

Fay looks to the door and sees a long line jutting out.

Swiftly, she enters the shop and moves past the crowd to the front of the line where a beautiful woman with long, brown hair is signing copies of "A Magnificent Festering".

Walking directly to the table, Fay reaches down and picks up one of the books, which draws the ire of at least one of the ladies in line.

LADY IN LINE

Don't you know what a line is or are you stupid?

The woman signing books, AMANDA, looks up and recognizes Fay.

AMANDA

Oh, hey Fay...fabled stranger. What are you doing in these parts?

FAY

I was in the neighborhood passing through. How's the book signing, Fay Clark?

AMANDA

Oh, you know how it is. Sign, sign, sign. All day long

The Lady in Line gets to the front, looks crossly at Fay and then engages Amanda.

LADY IN LINE

Oh, I just love your books, Miss Clark.

AMANDA

Thank you. You know how it is: write, write, write. All day long.

Amanda turns to Fay.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

By the way, my good for nothing manager is in the back trying to score us a couple lattes. Why don't you drop in and say hi?

LADY IN LINE

So tell me, Miss Clark, what's next for our Jean Phillipe?

FAY

Weren't you telling me you were going to castrate him in the next book?

Amanda glares at Fay as cries of "What!" And "No!" Erupt from the line.

Fay takes off to the rear of the store.

FAY (CONT'D)

You have fun now.

LADY IN LINE

You can't castrate Jean Phillipe.
It would be like castrating Gandhi.

Toward the back of the bookstore, Fay nearly walks into a young man carrying two coffee cups. STUART, Fay's twenty-something manager is dressed in business attire.

STUART

Fay.

FAY

Amanda? You got Amanda to play me?

STUART

Shush.

Stuart pushes Fay into an empty row.

STUART (CONT'D)

What? Do you want the consumers to hear? Of course I got Amanda. Since you don't want to do these, and since I didn't put it in your contract, thank you very much, I can get who I want. Remember?

FAY

But why did you have to get Amanda? Couldn't you have gotten a homeless woman instead?

STUART

What's the matter with Amanda? She's a good people person.

FAY

Oh yeah. Sign, sign, sign. All day long. She makes me sound like I hate my fans.

STUART

Well, don't you?

FAY

I don't hate my fans.

STUART

Then why do you avoid book signing
and refuse to put your picture on
the covers?

FAY

It's complicated.

STUART

Speaking of complicated, how's Doctor
Fielding?

FAY

Tomorrow. I see him on Wednesdays.

Stuart pushes Fay toward the end of the row and toward the
fans.

STUART

So, where's my new book?

FAY

Jean Phillipe is being a little
stubborn.

STUART

So, make him--

They are interrupted by the sudden chanting of "Don't snip
Jean Phillipe! Don't snip Jean Phillipe!"

Stuart rushes forward, leaving Fay, and heads toward the
signing table as Fay heads toward the exit.

STUART (CONT'D)

Ladies! Ladies! Jean Phillipe is
not getting snipped.

LADY IN LINE

Then why did she say she was going
to castrate him?

STUART

She meant that he was going to be,
uh...unable to woo other women because
of his deep love for the Countess.

Fay pauses by the door.

FAY

Dang, he's quick.

Fay exits as the fans calm down.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Fay walks into an apartment building and waves at the man behind the desk.

FAY

Hey Frank.

FRANK

Miss Clark. Hey, it's almost evening.
You going out partying tonight?

FAY

You know me, Frank. I'll think it'll
be a little of the same tonight.

FRANK

Alright. Well, you have a good
evening then.

FAY

You too, Frank.

She moves to the elevator and presses the button.

When the doors open, a muscle-bound Adonis with a heavy Brooklyn accent, GREGORY, is waiting inside.

Fay moves inside without looking at him and moves to the side farthest away from him.

GREGORY

Going up?

Fay nods shyly as her eyes fade into a fantasy.

Gregory's hair begins to wave like it had been caught in a wind. With half-closed lids, he addresses Fay now in a heavy French accent.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

You know, I see you on the elevator
all the time, but I don't know your
name.

FAY

It's Fay.

GREGORY

Of course. A beautiful name for a
beautiful girl. Do you know, the
name Fay means ethereal or unearthly?
It's something beyond the normal,
just like your amazing eyes. You
know, I have a penthouse...What floor?

The fantasy drops as she stands, open-mouthed, and staring into space.

When her silence continues, Gregory asks again, impatiently.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
I said, what floor?

FAY
Oh, sorry. I'm sorry. It's five
please. Sorry.

Gregory rolls his eyes and pushes the "5" button.

They ride the elevator in silence, with Fay averting eyes the entire trip.

Gregory's eyes drop down to Fay's laptop case, which has some papers sticking out of it.

GREGORY
So, you a writer?

Fay nods quickly, without looking at his face.

Suddenly, a bell rings and the elevator doors open. Gregory and Fay both attempt to leave together and get stuck in the door.

FAY
I'm so sorry. Excuse me.

Fay moves back quickly, as Gregory exits the elevator.

GREGORY
Hey, I didn't know--

The elevator doors close on Fay, locking her inside. A look of panic crosses her face as she glances at the numbers on the wall.

The elevator doors open again.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Hey, you gettin' out?

Fay nods and moves out of the elevator.

FAY
Thank you.

GREGORY
Hey, no problem. Anyway, I was gonna say that I didn't know you lived on this floor. I mean, I know Mrs. Franchetti over in 512. Man, she must beat those kids every night. But I swear I never seen you before.

Fay looks up and stops in alarm.

FAY

Uh, I think I missed..I mean, I'm back in 505.

GREGORY

Yeah, you must a missed it by a couple doors.

They back track and stop in front of door 505, where Fay slips into another short fantasy. In other words, Gregory's hair flows and the French accent shows its ugly face.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

My darling, why must we part so quickly? Can you not invite me in so that we may partake of the bagel together?

And she slips out again to see the real Gregory looking at her as if she had slipped into a coma.

GREGORY (CONT'D)

Hey, you got a problem with that lock or something?

Nervously, Fay turns around and slips her key into the lock.

FAY

Uh, no. No thank you.

Gregory moves down the hallway.

GREGORY

Alrighty. See ya around.

Fay quickly shuts the door and slips behind it, closing her eyes for a moment.

A loud cat's meow startles her and she opens her eyes to see two cats coming toward her while a third rubs her on the leg.

Fay leaves her laptop case on the table, bends down and picks up the cat, and moves down the entryway.

FAY

Oh, Mr. Whiskers, he talked to me today. He really did.

Glancing into the kitchen, Fay notices an empty cat food dish. Gently dropping the cat on the floor, she moves to a cabinet in the kitchen and removes a bag of cat food.

FAY (CONT'D)

Oh, you poor babies. Has mama not been taking care of her babies?

The three cats entwine themselves through her legs as she pours food into the large bowl.

As soon as she is finished, Fay pets each cat and moves into the living room, where she sits on the couch.

She glances at the TV for a moment before her eyes wander to the window. Rising to her feet, she moves to the window and thrusts it open.

Looking wistfully out into the dark city night, she sighs.

FAY (CONT'D)
When's it gonna be my turn?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Outside Fay's window night has fallen on the city. On the streets, the cars have lights blazing and radios blaring as the traffic begins to slowly move.

Several blocks away from Fay's apartment is a large stone building.

Inside this building, only laser lights break the darkness as a pounding beat wraps itself around the auditorium.

On the stage, the bass player, DANNY, is cavorting next to the keyboardist, BRANDON.

Leaning over the edge of the stage, the lead singer, JULIAN, sings directly into the crowd. He is slightly slurring the words of the song, but the crowd doesn't appear to notice.

Danny, keeping his eyes on Julian, moves closer to Brandon where he can yell to be heard.

DANNY
Five bucks says he pukes tonight.

BRANDON
You're on.

Danny moves away just as Julian decides to climb on top of one of the five foot speakers book-ending the stage.

Julian reaches the top of the speaker, reaches an ear-shattering crescendo and begins to puke on the crowd underneath him.

While most of the crowd backs away quickly, two girls dance under the spray.

GIRL 1
It's raining!

Yeah!

They both pump their fists in the air and dance harder as a roadie moves on stage to help Julian get down from the speaker.

Julian raises his hand to his mouth and quickly runs offstage.

Smiling, Danny moves closer to Brandon while the band continues playing. Brandon hands a five dollar bill over to him.

Danny stuffs the bill into his pocket and moves away, continuing to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Julian is puking next to a trash can as Danny stands next to him.

DANNY

Hey, you almost got through a whole set tonight, Julian.

Danny looks down to where Julian has been vomiting.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Is that an entire French fry? You have really got to chew your food better. Don't you just hate that burning feeling or when that piece gets stuck in your throat? That's the worst.

The two girls that got puked on wander out a side door, see Danny and Julian and walk toward them.

GIRL 1

Hey, you're in the band.

Danny looks up.

DANNY

Beat it, girls. We're having a meeting.

GIRL 2

You're not having a meeting. He's puking.

DANNY

It's a conference call.

Julian calls from inside a trash can.

10.

JULIAN
Julian's busy. You go bye bye now.

Danny rises to herd the girls away.

GIRL 1
Hey! But you puked on us. Don't
you even want our numbers?

Julian's arm rises up and his palm opens as the girls look desperately through their purses.

GIRL 2
Do you got something to write with?

Danny grabs both by the shoulders and gently moves them away.

DANNY
You know what? Julian puked on a
lot of girls. I don't think I'd
feel all that special. But hey, I
bet if you give your info to the guy
at the box office tomorrow, he'll
get it to us.

GIRL 2
Really?

DANNY
Sure. Why not?

Girl 1 turns to him as they continue down the alley.

GIRL 1
Hey, do you have a girlfriend?

DANNY
Yeah, I've got a bunch of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

Back at the stage door entrance, Julian is sitting next to the trash can, holding his head in his hands and moaning.

Danny walks up, sits down next to him and throws a hand on Julian's shoulder.

DANNY
You know, you're gonna have to snap
out of this sometime. Me and the
rest of the band's been talking and
we're gonna have to let you go.

JULIAN
You can't kick me out of the band.
I own most of the instruments.

DANNY

You're right. I was just bluffing. But you're slurring and puking a lot more these days. I don't think the fans are gonna stay fans if you keep this up.

JULIAN

Those girls didn't seem to mind.

DANNY

Brain damage. Look, I wouldn't be having this talk if I didn't care.

JULIAN

Is this one of those moments, where I cry, we hug, and then life gets better.

DANNY

No. You have puke running down your shirt. And I wouldn't hug you even if you were wearing a really clean tuxedo. I want you to do me a favor.

JULIAN

Does it involve hugging?

Danny pulls a card from his back pocket and hands it to Julian.

DANNY

Go see this guy tomorrow.

JULIAN

A shrink?

DANNY

No, he's more like a counselor.

JULIAN

That's what a shrink is.

DANNY

Does it matter? Maybe he'll give you a hug.

JULIAN

If he's giving out free hugs...

DANNY

Julian, we've been friends since High School. That's why I'm giving you this card.

JULIAN

Yeah, I--

10.
Julian turns and vomits all over the card. Quick as lightning, Danny reaches into his pocket and pulls out another card.

DANNY

And that's why I brought two cards.

Danny slips the card into Julian's back pocket as the lead singer continues to empty his stomach.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Julian, wearing sunglasses, stops in front of a building.

Slowly, he brings the business card from out of his pocket to directly in front of his face and compares the address with the one on the building.

Placing the card back into his pocket, He steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Julian steps into an empty waiting room and walks up to the receptionist, who is typing.

JULIAN

Hey. I'm here to see the doctor.

Without stopping her typing or looking up, the receptionists answers him.

RECEPTIONIST

Which doctor are you here to see?

JULIAN

Witch doctor. Yeah, I...The one that talks to crazy people.

RECEPTIONIST

Honey, that's the only kind of doctors we have around here. What's his name?

Julian fumbles in his pocket and takes out the card.

JULIAN

Fielding.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

JULIAN

Crap, you ask a lot of questions.

RECEPTIONIST

You think I do? Wait till you get in to see Dr. Fielding. What's your name?

JULIAN

Julian. Julian Mack. Ever hear of me?

RECEPTIONIST

No, and I really don't have to. Take a seat.

Julian takes an empty seat in the waiting room and picks up a magazine.

Leafing through the magazine, he tears out random pages and stuffs them into his pocket.

After a moment, a door opens and a man walks out with his head bowed. The man continues walking until he runs into the door frame of the exit. He looks around quickly and then exits.

Julian lowers his eyes once the man leaves and continues to tear out pages from the magazine.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Mr. Mack? Dr. Fielding will see you now.

Julian rises, tosses the magazine onto a nearby table and starts toward the door the man just left from.

Just outside the door, Julian stops and looks back at the receptionist.

JULIAN

Uh.

The receptionist nods without raising her head. Julian enters and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Julian walks into a darkened room with only several candles for light. Incense is burning in a container on the desk.

DOCTOR FIELDING is sitting behind his desk, dressed in casual business attire, with his feet propped up on the desk and a keyboard in his lap.

FIELDING

Be with you in a moment. Please have a seat on the couch.

20.
Julian glances around the room to see a flat screen television against one wall, a bookcase loaded with books, and, in front of the desk, a chair and a couch.

Julian opts for the chair and gazes at the odd collection of art objects littered around the room.

Doctor Fielding walks up behind him as Julian sits engrossed in a statue of an upside down cow.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

You know, my clients usually sit on the couch. I find it puts people more at ease.

JULIAN

Uh huh. Is that what the incense is for or did you just smoke something you shouldn't have?

Dr. Fielding sits awkwardly on the couch with his pad of paper and pen clenched in his hands.

FIELDING

You'll have to promise to wake me if I fall asleep.

JULIAN

Won't you get paid whether you're asleep or awake?

FIELDING

Actually, yes. Now, Mr. Magillacutty--

JULIAN

Mack. I dropped the rest a long time ago.

FIELDING

Okay. Mack.

JULIAN

But you can call me Julian, seeing how this is going to be one of them there casual relationships.

FIELDING

Okay, Julian. And you can call me Emile.

JULIAN

Let's keep it on a professional basis, Doc.

FIELDING

Fair enough. You were referred here by Danny Moore, an old college friend of mine.

JULIAN
Danny went to college?

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Fay enters and approaches the receptionist area.

FAY
I'm here for my--

RECEPTIONIST
Early as usual but right on time...for
you. You can have a seat Miss Clark.
He'll be with you as soon as he's
done.

FAY
Thank you.

Fay sits down in the exact same seat last occupied by Julian.
She picks up the magazine he tossed and numerous pages fall
immediately to the floor.

The receptionist looks up from her typing.

RECEPTIONIST
Have you been destroying my magazines?

Fay looks aghast.

FAY
No.

The receptionist looks down at the pages on the floor and
narrows her eyes.

RECEPTIONIST
I'll be watching you.

Fay quickly bends down to pick up the pages.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S OFFICE -- LATER

Julian is now lying on the couch, while the doctor is sitting
in the chair, scribbling furiously.

FIELDING
And who had the spider monkey after
that?

Julian consults his watch.

22.

JULIAN

Sorry Doc, but your time's up. We'll have to continue this session next week. So, am I cured?

FIELDING

No. I mean...I'd like to see you again next week. I'm very concerned about your, uh, drinking habits.

Julian stands up.

JULIAN

Yep. Just like I told my friends. Psychiatrists are just like chiropractors. There's always a little more nut to crack.

Fielding rises from his chair and approaches his desk. He searches around the surface of his desk.

FIELDING

Look, I want you to give me a call. But I can't seem to find my cards anywhere. Can you wait here for a minute?

JULIAN

Sure, Doc. Anything you want.

As soon as Dr. Fielding exits the room, Julian goes to the desk and extinguishes the incense.

He then goes directly to the cow and turns it right-side up.

Just as he is finishing, Fielding enters the room and hands Julian a card.

FIELDING

Here's my card.

Julian pulls out the card in his pocket.

JULIAN

I already have one. Thanks.

Fielding looks down at the card in his hand.

FIELDING

Okay. Well, give my receptionist a call and set up an appointment. I've got this slot open next week, I believe.

JULIAN

Sounds good to me, Doc.

As Julian prepares to leave, Fielding interjects.

FIELDING

Oh, and Julian, this will all remain confidential.

JULIAN

Who you gonna tell, Doc? Who'd believe you?

FIELDING

Yeah. Right. See you next week, Julian.

JULIAN

All right, Doc.

Julian exits the office and approaches the receptionist, all the while walking so Fay cannot see his face.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

So, what's my bill?

The receptionist again responds without raising her eyes.

RECEPTIONIST

It's been covered.

JULIAN

Cool. Nothing like free shrink wrap.

As Julian exits, the receptionist calls out to Fay.

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Clark? Dr. Fielding will see you now.

Fay rises and enters Dr. Fielding's office.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Fay enters just as Fielding is pushing play on the CD player. The sounds of slow jazz fill the room as Fay shuts the door behind her.

She flops down on the couch and looks up to see Dr. Fielding typing, smiling and shaking his head.

FIELDING

I'm sorry, Fay. I'll be with you in a second.

He finishes and rises, noticing that his incense has been put out. Quizzically, he looks at Fay.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Did you put out my incense?

Fay answers, slightly frustrated.

FAY
No. No, I didn't.

Fielding looks over and sees the cow statue.

FIELDING
Did you touch my cow?

Fay bursts into tears.

FAY
No, I didn't touch your cow or your
incense. And I didn't destroy your
magazine. I didn't do anything.

Fielding walks over to her, hands Fay a Kleenex and pats her
shoulder.

FIELDING
I'm sure there's a perfectly rational
explanation for all of this.

FAY
I sure hope so, Dr. Fielding.

Doctor Fielding takes a seat in the chair.

FIELDING
So, how's Jean Phillipe this week?

Fay cries loudly again.

FAY
It's all wrong. He's gone stale.
Boring. I can't think of anything
new for him and he keeps getting
stuck trying to undo a blasted bodice.

FIELDING
Have you tried a corset--

FAY
It's not him. It's me. He talked
to me. We actually had a real live
conversation. But I was an idiot.
I just stammered like a high school
girl with her first crush.

FIELDING
I'm a little confused. Jean Phillipe
is talking to you?

FAY
No! I'm talking about the guy in my
apartment building.

(MORE)

FAY (CONT'D)

Why can't I just talk to someone like a normal person?

FIELDING

Fay, we've been through this. I'm sure that the numerous episodes in your elementary school days left a profound impact on your--

FAY

But, my gosh. That was so long ago. It's not like I have to deal with a missing limb. It's my brain. It's broken.

FIELDING

Your brain's not broken, Fay. You just have some issues to deal with. Are you still having the fantasy issues?

FAY

Why do you think I was such a stammering idiot? A man starts talking and I go away. I'm sure I start to drool.

FIELDING

Let's take care of one issue at a time.

Fielding rises, approaches his desk and grabs a pad of paper.

FIELDING (CONT'D)

Fay, let's try a little experiment. Tomorrow, when you feel yourself drifting into a fantasy scenario, try to picture the man as someone else. Maybe someone famous.

FAY

I don't see how changing the Adonis into Abraham Lincoln is going to help me.

FIELDING

Just give it a chance. And try Harry Truman. I think you'll appreciate his rugged good looks.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Julian and his band are in an abandoned warehouse, practicing.

In the middle of a tune, Julian abruptly stops them.

JULIAN

Okay, hold on. Stop. Stop.

The bands slows down to a stop and looks at Julian expectantly. After a moment of silence, Danny approaches Julian, who is staring off into space.

DANNY

Hey bro, what's the matter? Hangover?

JULIAN

No. Something's off. Crap, I need a drink.

DANNY

Don't go off on me now. We've only got eight songs done and the execs want twelve in two weeks. Don't make me crank open your top and yank what I need out.

JULIAN

No, man, there's just--

BRANDON

Come on, man, this is the eighth time--

Julian's eyes narrow.

JULIAN

Brandon play your chorus part again.

BRANDON

If it'll get us moving.

Brandon plays two chords before being stopped by Julian.

JULIAN

There. Right there.

He looks around while everyone stares at him.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

What? Brandon, kick it up to B flat and shoot a half beat faster than you were playing. All right, gang. Let's start two measures before the money shot.

The band kicks into gear again directly before the chorus and it sounds surprisingly better.

They stop after the chorus with self-achieving smiles on their faces. All except Julian, who is frowning slightly.

Danny approaches him.

DANNY

See. I knew it was a good idea not to fire you today. One down, three to go. What?

JULIAN

I need to get out of here for a second. Get me a cappuccino.

LENNY, the extremely large and hairy drummer stands up.

LENNY

Hey man, get me a double mocha latte. And a bag of barbecue corn nuts.

Julian heads for the exit.

JULIAN

Double mocha yes. Corn nuts no.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

Marilyn and Gwynneth are standing in a line in front of Harry's Coffee Shop, waiting for him to open the doors just as Fay comes rushing up.

FAY

Ladies.

GWYNNETH AND MARILYN

Fay.

GWYNNETH

Have any luck with your bodice quandary, dear?

FAY

Yeah. I think I'm gonna put the bodice on Jean Phillipe and let the Countess take it off him.

MARILYN

I once placed the Count Von Richter into a tub of tapioca but that was for my more adult novelette.

GWYNNETH

And we all know how that turned out, dear.

Harry opens the door and the ladies enter, seating themselves into their usual spots.

Like competitors in a synchronized swimming competition, the ladies sit, bring out their laptops, and start them up at the same time.

Marilyn speaks to Gwynneth over the top of Fay.

MARILYN

Mr. Scruffles has a cold. He just sits on the heater all night, not moving. I believe I shall take him to the vet tomorrow if his complexion doesn't improve. Thank you, Harry.

Harry sweeps by, leaving a steaming cup next to each woman.

FAY

Thanks, Harry.

GWYNNETH

Thank you, dear.

Harry heads off behind the counter.

GWYNNETH (CONT'D)

Marilyn, dear, your cat's been dead for two years now. Whatever's on the heater is not Mr. Scruffles.

MARILYN

Oh dear. Well, it certainly looked like Mr. Scruffles.

GWYNNETH

Been awhile since the fumigator's been around, dear?

Fay flexes her fingers above her keyboard.

FAY

I had a mini revelation last night. Jean Phillipe is going to take the Countess on a gondola ride.

GWYNNETH

That's Venice, dear.

FAY

Italy's on the Mediterranean.

MARILYN

Oh, maybe they could be out on the Mediterranean on a skiff and they could crash onto a deserted island.

GWYNNETH

And perhaps there could be a professor, a movie star and a millionaire on the skiff with them. Too many bad television memories, dear.

FAY
Wait. It might work.

GWYNNETH
Not in the Mediterranean, dear.

FAY
Maybe I should give him a new hobby
as well.

MARILYN
He could make large rope bridges.

GWYNNETH
Lady Margoles hunts rhinoceros.

FAY
Maybe he could learn the guitar to
serenade his lady.

GWYNNETH
That would be lovely, dear.

MARILYN
And he could hide his sword inside
his guitar.

GWYNNETH
Why would he do that, dear?

MARILYN
It would be a secret, wouldn't it.

Fay's fingers drop to the keyboard and her first sentence
pops up on the screen:

"Jean Phillipe, rogue and troubadour, lifts the Countess
from the depths of the mighty sea and deposits her like a
dainty bag of potatoes onto the sandy beach."

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED ISLAND -- DAY

In the midst of some waves, Jean Phillipe holds the young
lady in his arms as he struggles toward the beach.

JEAN
(aside)
It's like this dress was made out of
concrete. My love, hold fast to
consciousness. Our island of
salvation is almost at hand.

YOUNG LADY
Oh, Jean Phillipe, you are so strong
and brave. Why, I believed I swooned
when the sharks came upon us.

JEAN

Yeah, you did that thing. But fear no longer, my luscious bicuspid, for while you swooned, I wrestled each shark until they swam away in defeat, crying like little baby sharks for their mama.

They reach the beach where Jean looks around desperately for a spot to deposit the young lady.

Finding nothing, he drops her on the sand.

YOUNG LADY

Oof! Jean Phillipe!

JEAN

I apologize, my love. But I fear my arms have become as weak as bigfoot's loafers.

Jean throws himself next to her on the beach.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna throw up.

The Young Lady raises up and rests a hand on Jean's shoulder.

YOUNG LADY

Oh, my poor suffering hero. Perhaps my love could rejuvenate you.

Jean rolls his eyes.

JEAN

Or maybe you'll kill me. Oh, but my flowering dandelion, we must find shelter before the squall that tore apart our ship finds us unprepared.

Jean rises to his feet and extends a hand to the Young Lady. She looks disappointed and reluctantly takes his hand to rise to her feet.

They search the beach with their eyes and see only coconut trees and underbrush.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Julian enters and approaches the counter, as Harry approaches.

HARRY

Can I help you?

JULIAN

Yeah. I need a cappuccino, a mocha latte, and do you have any Corn Nuts?

HARRY

I'm sorry, but the machine's broke and we're out of mocha right now.

JULIAN

Would you repeat that in English?

HARRY

I did say that in English.

JULIAN

Look, maybe you didn't go to all the customer service classes or something. The customer is always right, so get some chocolate bars or something and make my order.

HARRY

Maybe you don't hear English. I said we can't do mocha right now.

JULIAN

Maybe you can't do mocha or maybe you don't want to do mocha.

HARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

JULIAN

Oh, you know what that means.

HARRY

Maybe I know what that means and maybe I don't.

JULIAN

Maybe you better look again and find some mocha where you didn't think it was.

HARRY

Get out of my store.

JULIAN

Oh, you want to play hardball? How's this?

Julian grabs a few straws and shoves them up his nostrils.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

And I'll do this to every straw in the joint unless I get my mocha pronto.

52.
Harry begins to yell at Julian in Korean. When Harry takes a breath, Julian cuts in.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry but I don't speak Japanese.

HARRY
That's Korean, you idiot.

JULIAN
And how am I supposed to know that?

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED ISLAND -- CONTINUOUS

Jean is looking cautiously up into the coconut trees as the Young Lady stares into the underbrush.

YOUNG LADY
Oh, Jean Phillipe, what if there are wild animals about?

JEAN
You know, I hear that more people get killed each year from falling coconuts than from wild animal attacks.

Young Lady looks up.

YOUNG LADY
Really?

JEAN
Oh yeah. They'd be walking along, minding their own business, then BANG, on the head with a coconut and they can't even eat with a fork anymore.

The Young Lady pauses for a moment, then Harry's Korean rant leaks over from the coffee shop and she begins to yell at Jean Phillipe in Korean.

Jean Phillipe looks quizzically before responding.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I did not realize you knew Japanese.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Above the laptop, Fay's eyes pop open and she turns to Gwynneth, who is staring at the counter.

33.

FAY
Okay, what's all the...

She trails off as she turns and sees the back of Julian at the front counter, rubbing sugar packets on his head.

Harry, behind the counter, continues to yell at him in Korean.

JULIAN
How about this, mocha man? You want some more?

FAY
Gwynneth, what is going on?

GWYNNETH
Another weirdo in the store, dear. Harry is taking care of it.

Harry stops his rant and points at the door.

HARRY
Get out! Get out!

JULIAN
You may have won this round--

HARRY
Get out!

Julian leans in close.

JULIAN
Never forget. If I find you've been holding out on me, I will destroy you.

HARRY
Get out!

Julian pulls the straws from his nose and throws them on the counter.

JULIAN
I will never patronize your establishment again.

HARRY
Good. Get out!

Julian pauses at the door.

JULIAN
And may I say your Korean needs a little work.

HARRY
Get out!

Julian finally exits.

GWYNNETH

Harry, dear, are you all right?

HARRY

Yeah, I don't know. The crazies always come out on Saturday.

GWYNNETH

It's Thursday, dear.

Harry shrugs.

HARRY

Four day weekend.

FAY

Maybe you're right. I don't think the beach was working well for me.

GWYNNETH

Maybe you should try the guitar, dear.

MARILYN

And the sword, of course. Where would a troubadour be without his sword?

FAY

The only problem is that I don't know the first thing about guitars.

GWYNNETH

Well, what do you know about, dear?

FAY

I know about cats.

MARILYN

Perhaps Jean Phillipe could have an attack cat, named Mojo.

GWYNNETH

Maybe you should stick with the guitar. Oh. You could go to a music shop and do a little research.

FAY

Do they let you do that? Just go in and ask questions without buying something?

MARILYN

That's how I did my research for Count Von Richter's Rollicking Rendezvous of Romance.

GWYNNETH

That is an assault of R's dear.

MARILYN

Alliteration, Gwynneth. It's what separates the girl scouts from the brownies. In the book, the Count had to go undercover in a massage parlor located in a small village in Belgium. Well, I'd of course never been in a massage parlor, not a proper one at any rate. So, I went to Mr. Fong's laundry, which I'd always heard was a front for a massage parlor...

As Marilyn continues to babble, Gwynneth whispers to Fay.

GWYNNETH

As I was saying dear, there's a lovely little music shop not three blocks from here.

FAY

The one called Crazy Eddie's Music?

GWYNNETH

That's right.

MARILYN

And he had a lemon in his pocket, for crying out loud.

GWYNNETH

I'm sure, if you approach the man behind the counter, they'd be happy to discuss the finer points of music with you.

MARILYN

And then the cops busted in. I told them I was only doing research, but they wouldn't have any of it.

Fay rises and packs up her laptop.

FAY

Well, ladies, I'm off on the most adventure I've had in at least a year.

MARILYN

You have fun dear. But not too much fun. Remember the moral from my story.

GWYNNETH

I'm sure you'll be fine dear.

Fay approaches the counter.

FAY
Harry, can you hold on to my laptop
for about an hour?

HARRY
Sure thing, Miss Fay.

She removes a note pad from the case and hands Harry the laptop.

FAY
Thank you, Harry.

HARRY
Have a good day, Miss Fay.

She exits.

MARILYN
I hope what I said helped.

GWYNNETH
I'm sure it did in some way, dear.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

The band is finishing up a song. Julian halts in the middle and the rest slowly fade off.

DANNY
What?

JULIAN
I don't know. I think we better
stop for today.

LENNY
Sounds good to me. I need to find
some Corn Nuts or I'll go mad. Mad,
I tells ya.

Lenny tosses his sticks on the ground by the drums and exits.

Brandon comes around to where Danny and Julian are standing and throws his arms around both of their shoulders.

BRANDON
Well, gents, anyone wanna buy me
lunch?

Julian pushes Brandon's arm off while Danny draws him closer.

DANNY

I may be persuaded to let you buy me lunch, my rampaging spamalope.

Brandon pushes him away.

BRANDON

Forget it. It's not worth it.

Julian drifts over to the keyboard and fingers a melody.

DANNY

Let me grab my book and we'll get gone. Julian, you coming?

JULIAN

Naw. I've got some errands to run. People to see.

Danny walks back toward Brandon with a book in his hand.

BRANDON

Is that a romance novel?

DANNY

So? I had a girlfriend once who got me hooked on them.

The three walk out of the warehouse together.

JULIAN

You had a girlfriend?

DANNY

Yeah. You remember Amanda?

JULIAN

Huginkiss?

DANNY

Haw, haw. No. Short. Blonde. Liked Bob Seger.

JULIAN

Oh. Amanda Huginkiss.

Danny pushes him away.

DANNY

Go. Run errands. Stay sober.

JULIAN

Yah voll, mein Herr.

Julian walks away from them, down the sidewalk.

DANNY

So, what are you hungry for?

30.

BRANDON
Corn Nuts. Just kidding.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY EDDIE'S MUSIC -- DAY

Julian enters Crazy Eddie's Music Store. BILLY, a crazy-looking bear of a man, full on Mexican with long hair and a long shaggy beard, stands behind the main counter, reading a magazine.

A wide smile erupts on his face as soon as he catches sight of Julian.

BILLY
Julian!

JULIAN
Billy the Shank! How's business?

They both take a moment to look around the deserted store. Guitars and other instruments hang from the walls. Two drum sets are set up in opposite corners.

The case that Billy stands behind holds a variety of other music paraphernalia.

BILLY
We're swamped. I'm gonna quit some day. I promise you.

JULIAN
You wouldn't do that to Ed, would you?

Billy lays his magazine on the counter.

BILLY
Hey, do me a favor and watch the store for a sec. I've got to run some strings up to Quartz.

JULIAN
Why can't he run down and get his own strings?

BILLY
You know Quartz. Plus he's gonna give me a ten buck tip and I haven't had lunch yet. Ed won't care. You're practically an employee.

JULIAN
Whatever. But I'm not going behind the counter. And if anyone wants to buy anything, I'm only dealing in Deutschmarks.

Billy pauses at the door as Julian moves to pick up a guitar.

BILLY

You call it. You won't get any customers anyway. It's lunch time.

Billy exits and leaves Julian alone to pick out a tune on the guitar.

As Julian turns his back on the door, it opens and in walks Fay.

She wanders over to the counter, sees no one and glances around the shop.

Looking directly at Julian, she clears her throat.

JULIAN

Do you need a cough drop?

He turns around and Fay screams, dropping her note pad.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

What? Is it my devilish good looks?

FAY

No, I'm sorry. You remind me of someone I knew a long time ago.

JULIAN

You look oddly familiar as well. Are you related to Momar Khadafi?

FAY

Not that I know of? Does he play an instrument?

JULIAN

Kinda. What can I do for you, beautiful? Need a guitar? A trombone? A kazoo? I've got a lovely piccolo that was once owned by Adolph Hitler's brother, Hans.

FAY

Hans Hitler?

JULIAN

I'm afraid Mr. and Mrs. Hitler weren't very original.

FAY

Um, I was wondering if you could tell me a little about music.

JULIAN

Music, huh? Now there's a broad subject. Anything in particular?

FAY

Well, I write novels, and--

JULIAN

Do you now? A novel writer you say.

FAY

Yes. Anyway, I want my lead character to play the guitar. So I need to know a little about music before I can get started.

Julian lays the guitar back into its stand and moves toward the back of the counter.

JULIAN

Now, what sort of guitar would you like him to play? He could play electric, like yours truly. He could play acoustic, like John Denver, the ukulele like Bill O'Reilly, or the banjo like Dr. Phil. And then there's the whole issue of style. There's classical guitar like Esteban, folk guitar like Jimmy Durante, or Mexican Hat Dance Music as performed by Margaret Thatcher.

FAY

I don't know. It's all so confusing.

JULIAN

It can be.

Julian drops his hand on top of Fay's, which she has resting on the counter. She quickly pulls her hands away.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else. So, tell me a little bit more about your character.

FAY

Um, okay. Well, he's French--

JULIAN

Ah!

FAY

What?

JULIAN

Nothing. Go on.

FAY

Uh, okay. He's strong. Has long wavy hair.

JULIAN
Like a cocker spaniel?

FAY
No. And he lives in the eighteenth century.

JULIAN
Is your character Edgar Allen Poe?

FAY
No!

JULIAN
Just wondering. Okay. Let's see--

FAY
Oh, and he's a...he's like...

JULIAN
He's a pirate? An accountant?

FAY
No, he's...He has a lot of girlfriends.

JULIAN
Henry the Eighth.

FAY
No. Okay, I write...
(whispering)
Romance novels.

JULIAN
So, he is Edgar Allen Poe.

FAY
No! His name is Jean Phillipe Lejean.

JULIAN
Jean Phillipe, eh?

He rounds the counter and grabs Fay by the elbow.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
If I may be so bold.

FAY
Um, okay.

Julian guides her to a wall that sports a variety of instruments hanging from hooks.

JULIAN
Now, generally in your classic romance novels and the like, your hero will
(MORE)

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JULIAN (CONT'D)

be playing some sort of bassoon, or, as the French say "Le Bassoon". Unfortunately, we seem to be all out of bassoons. So, let's go to your second choice. The mandolin.

He reaches up and grabs a mandolin from the wall.

FAY

It looks like a small guitar.

JULIAN

It is a small guitar. In fact, in French mandolin means small guitar. The mandolin has been the favored instrument for many great lovers throughout the ages. Why, did you know that Valentino once had a gold mandolin that he nicknamed Woody? It's true. And the Earl of Cantaloupe, rumored to be the greatest lover the world has ever known, was said to have built a small cottage completely out of mandolins.

FAY

Wow. You sure know a lot about music.

JULIAN

And what I don't know, I make up. So, has our little discussion been handy to you?

She holds up a pad of paper that she has been scribbling furiously on.

FAY

I think I've got enough for a couple of novels. But what kind of music can you play with the mandolin?

JULIAN

Well, that's the trick. The mandolin has its own style of music. Some say it's the music of love. Other say that it's the music of dwarves. Still others say that it's the music of dwarf love.

FAY

Are there any famous songs played on the mandolin?

JULIAN

Have you ever heard the song "We will rock you"?

FAY

Sure.

JULIAN

Well, that's not one of them. But there's one like it called "We will stalk you". It's about this stalker that follows a famous actress around and serenades her outside her bedroom window until she gets a restraining order. It's very sad.

FAY

I'll bet. Well, sir, you've been most helpful. My name's Fay.

JULIAN

Fay? Wow. I knew a Fay one time. She was a lot shorter than you though. My name's Ju...

FAY

Ju?

JULIAN

Sorry, my lips were stuck. My name's Billy. Billy the Shank.

FAY

Well, I'm glad to meet you, Mr. The Shank. I've got to say that I was a little frightened of coming here. I don't really do well outside my comfort zones.

JULIAN

You mean like the couch?

FAY

Thank you. You've been helpful.

She pauses at the door.

FAY (CONT'D)

If it wouldn't be a bother, do you think I could stop by here again? If I needed some help?

JULIAN

For a lady as lovely as yourself, I will personally kill any customer I am dealing with just to help you.

FAY

You're sweet. How about next week? Same time?

JULIAN
Sounds good.

FAY
Thank you.

As soon as Fay leaves, Julian falls back against the nearest wall.

JULIAN
Wow.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTAGE CLIPS -- DAY

The following montage clips run.

1. Fay types furiously in Harry's Coffee Shop
2. Fay talking with Doctor Fielding
3. Fay typing in her apartment at night. She pauses to look out of window.
4. Julian on fire escape, looking into the night as he sips on a beer.
5. Fay in Crazy Eddie's Shop, talking with Julian as he gestures wildly with a trombone.
6. Fay typing in her apartment again, stopping and looking satisfied.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE -- DAY

Fay enters through a couple of glass doors with a large manuscript clutched in her arms and approaches the receptionist.

As Fay thumps the manuscript down on the desk, the receptionist looks up.

SHIRLEY
Oh, hey Fay. You finished already?
This has got to be a record.

FAY
Shirley, I got bitten by a little
inspiration bug called Billy the
Shank.

SHIRLEY
Sounds painful. I'll tell Stuart
you're here. Is he expecting you?

FAY

No, I thought I'd surprise him.

SHIRLEY

I'm sure you will.

Shirley picks up the phone.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Avery, Fay Clark. No, she...no. She's got a manuscript with her. That's right. Okay. Okay, I'll tell her.

She hangs up the receiver.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Stuart's on the phone with a client overseas. He wanted me to ask you if you'd wait with--

The doors to the office bang open and into the reception area walks Amanda.

AMANDA

Fay, did you bring us a present?

FAY

How's my book signing, Amanda?

AMANDA

Oh, you know how it is...

FAY

Sign, sign, sign?

AMANDA

That's it. How'd you ever guess?

Fay looks furtively around the waiting room.

FAY

You know, I can wait here till Stuart gets done.

Amanda grabs Fay's arm and guides her back into the offices.

AMANDA

Nonsense.

FAY

No, really, I'd rather wait.

Amanda basically tosses Fay into an empty conference room and shuts the door behind her.

10.
AMANDA

Okay, so what's the deal? Stuart says you don't want me to do your book signings. What? I'm not good enough to play Fay Clark?

FAY

Maybe you're not.

AMANDA

Oh really? And what makes you so hot?

FAY

My fans.

AMANDA

Oh, is that it? So the little girl I graduated with has grown up and gotten famous? So, what's the matter with me?

Fay slams her manuscript on the table.

FAY

I've hated you since high school because you stole my boyfriend.

Amanda laughs.

AMANDA

What? Are you serious? You never had a boyfriend in your life.

FAY

Ooh! You just stand there and you don't even have a clue. Remember Science? Ninth grade? We were in the same class with Bryant Jessum.

AMANDA

Yeah? So?

FAY

So you stole him from me.

AMANDA

Is this some kind of delusion? You never had him for me to steal. He asked me out.

FAY

Yeah. After you batted your big, slutty eyelashes at him. He was gonna ask me out.

17.
AMANDA

Well, all I can say is the big, slutty
eyelash approach must have worked.
And you don't know he was gonna ask
you out.

FAY

Yes, I do. He sat--

The door opens suddenly and Stuart enters with his eyes only
for the finished manuscript.

STUART

Ladies, don't mind me. Fay, I'll
get right on this.

Stuart takes the manuscript and exits quickly.

AMANDA

Fay, what's the deal with Bryant?

Fay sits down heavily in a chair.

FAY

I know. I'm sorry. It's just that
I've never...and you're so beautiful
it makes me so...

She leans in confidentially.

FAY (CONT'D)

Look, you want to know a secret?
I'm really shy around guys.

AMANDA

You don't seem shy around Stuart.

FAY

He's married. So, it's easier.
Plus, he only wants me for my books.
I knew where Stuart stood a long
time ago.

AMANDA

Yeah. So what's the deal? Haven't
any guys ever asked you out?

FAY

No, and I don't know why. The only
time anyone's been interested was
back in elementary school. There
was a boy named Julian. But he
embarrassed me on a daily basis. I
think he scarred me for life.

AMANDA

How bad can it be?
(MORE)

10.
AMANDA (CONT'D)

I mean, I've had some guys do some really stupid things before.

FAY

Have they ever stood on a desk in the middle of a crowded classroom and sang a song about you.

AMANDA

That sounds sweet.

FAY

It wasn't. Have they ever stood outside your window for three days straight and had to get the cops called on them and then your parents stare at you for weeks after like it's your fault?

AMANDA

Wow. That sounds like a serious stalker.

FAY

Have they ever--

AMANDA

Okay, I get it. So, this one guy's a nut. It's not like all guys...it's not like most guys are nuts. Just some. So what happened with that guy?

FAY

My parents were thinking of a restraining order when all of a sudden, his family moves away. I never saw or heard from him again.

AMANDA

That must of left a lot of scar tissue. You've been shying away from all guys since?

FAY

It's not all me. Like I said, no guy's asked me out either.

AMANDA

And where have you been hanging out to meet them?

FAY

Oh, I go places. You know.

AMANDA

Besides your apartment.

FAY

I go to this coffee shop a lot.
That's where I do my typing.

AMANDA

Yeah. Type, type, type. All day
long. You've got to get out to meet
men.

FAY

There was the guy in my apartment
building. I talked to him. And
I've been in a music shop.

AMANDA

If you want my advice, stay away
from musicians. They're nothing but
trouble. I dated this guy named
Danny once. Used to floss every
hour. Drove me nuts.

Fay stands up.

FAY

Look, I've got to go. It's so good
to get that Bryant thing off my chest.

AMANDA

Look, Fay, I don't usually do this,
but I'm in between boyfriends at the
moment. You want to go out with me
some night?

FAY

I'm sorry. I don't date women.

AMANDA

No, I'm talking about going out to
bars together. Picking up guys.

FAY

Oh, I don't know. That sounds
dangerous.

AMANDA

It can be. But that's part of the
thrill.

FAY

I'll have to think about it. I'll
call you.

Fay exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Fay is seated on a park bench, simply studying people.

She doesn't look up as Julian walks by.

Slowly, he walks backwards and stops directly in front of her. She can't see his face as the sun is directly behind him.

FAY

Hello?

JULIAN

Fay? What are you doing out here?

FAY

Why? Am I doing something wrong?

Julian moves out of the light, so she can recognize him.

FAY (CONT'D)

Oh, it's just you. Hey Billy.

JULIAN

Hi Fay. Who did you think I was?

FAY

I don't know. I just thought I was in trouble.

Julian sits down next to her.

JULIAN

Why? What have you been doing to get such a guilty conscious?

Fay blushes.

FAY

Nothing.

JULIAN

So, whatcha doing? I don't think I've seen you out here before and I walk past here maybe eighty times a day.

FAY

Oh, I just got finished with the book I was working on and thought about starting on the next one but I couldn't get focused. A friend suggested that I take a break and get some air. So, here I am.

JULIAN

There you are.

They both look around for a moment and see a man tossing a Frisbee to his son.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
So, you're all finished, huh?

FAY
Yeah, my agent's looking it over right now.

JULIAN
I guess that means you won't be coming around the store.

FAY
I don't know. Jean Phillipe's still playing the mandolin. I'm sure I'll need more of your dynamic tips.

JULIAN
Good. That's great.

Julian springs up from his seat.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Hey, do you need a break?

FAY
From what?

JULIAN
From your break. Want to go for a little walk?

Fay rises.

FAY
Sure. Why not?

They head down the sidewalk through the park.

FAY (CONT'D)
So, what's it like working in a music store?

JULIAN
Actually, I don't just work in a music store. I'm in a band. I work at the music store so I can tutor pretty, young authors.

FAY
And what's that like, being in a band? Spend a lot of time on the road, do you?

JULIAN

Yeah. Sometimes. Depends on how well the record's doing. The road's really where the money comes from, but it's a lot more work and a lot less fun. I like the creative part really. Plus, it gets a little annoying sleeping on the bus, especially if the schedule's pretty tight.

FAY

Have I ever heard of anything your band's done?

JULIAN

Let me jump in your head and find out.

FAY

No, I mean--

JULIAN

I know. Actually, we had a song on the air not too long ago called "All out of love". It was a remake of an old Air Supply song. We kinda jazzed it up a bit. Put a little metal into it.

FAY

You remade an Air Supply song in a heavy metal version? What kind of band are you in?

JULIAN

It's a metal band, called Dark November.

FAY

That sounds familiar.

JULIAN

Have you heard our stuff?

FAY

No, I don't listen to heavy metal music. I'm more into what you'd call Easy Listening.

JULIAN

Spend a lot of time in elevators then?

Julian stops and Fay continues on for a few more steps before being stopped by Julian's hand on her shoulder.

FAY

What?

JULIAN

Look.

They have arrived at the side of the park where the musicians gather and play for money.

There are several guitar players, a young Asian girl playing a violin, and a couple teenagers beating drumsticks on empty paint cans and empty barrels.

Several onlookers are gathered around each of the performers.

The largest crowd, however, is gathered around one of the guitar players, a young black man dressed in a colorful jacket.

Julian and Fay begin to weave among the crowds.

FAY

I didn't even know this was here.

JULIAN

Oh, yeah.

They pause by the Asian girl playing the violin.

FAY

She's really good.

JULIAN

That's Sabrina. She should have been signed by a label by now but she's got absolutely no business sense. See, it's not just how well you play, but how well you can sell yourself that matters. If you wait to get discovered, you could be waiting a really long time.

As Sabrina concludes her set, the entire crowd around her breaks into applause. Several members of the crowd drop dollars and coins into an open violin case at her feet.

Sabrina recognizes Julian, smiles and waves at him. He nods back as Fay looks suspiciously at Sabrina.

FAY

How well do you know her?

Julian looks over to gauge Fay before responding.

JULIAN

She's a good kid. Her parents came here straight from China. We're just friends.

They wander a little further to the two teens playing the drums on the cans and barrels.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

That's Josh and Dominic. They probably should be in school right now. They come out here to earn some extra money.

FAY

You sure know a lot about these people. Hang out here much?

JULIAN

Working in a music store has its privileges. But, yeah, I do come out here quite a bit. It relaxes me.

They keep walking until they come to the black kid in the colorful jacket, PEARSON, just as he reaches a crescendo.

Pearson's fingers blaze on the strings and the music, which sounds like a classical piece, mesmerizes the crowd.

Every time he reaches a furious pace, he drops down immediately to a quiet measure, surprising the crowd and eliciting another round of applause.

Pearson finishes his set and the crowd, including Julian and Fay, reward him with enthusiastic and sustained applause.

Quite a few people throw dollars and coins into an open guitar case at his feet, while several others hang around to congratulate him personally.

As the last person leaves Pearson, Julian and Fay approach. Julian is clapping.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

As always, you are the master, Pearson.

PEARSON

Why, thank you Mack. Of course, I'm way behind you, my friend.

JULIAN

Nonsense. The suits are just illiterate and don't know talent when they hear it. You saw that crowd. They know talent. They don't need the business world to tell them what to like.

PEARSON
Yeah, but without the suits, I'd
just be playing in the park. So,
how's Danny and the band?

JULIAN
We're doing good. We just got back
from a fifteen city gig last month.
You're welcome to join us any time,
like I said before.

PEARSON
You know my mama'd never let me be
gone that long. Plus, I've got Mini
and Red to look after. And who's
this lovely lady?

JULIAN
Pearson, I'd like to introduce you
to Miss Fay Clark.

PEARSON
Charmed. Fay Clark? Sounds familiar.

JULIAN
(whispering)
Don't tell anyone, but she's a world
famous author.

FAY
Oh, stop it.

PEARSON
And what sort of books do you write,
Miss world famous author?

FAY
I, uh...I write romance novels.

Pearson spreads out a large grin on his face.

PEARSON
Fay Clark. Now I know why you sound
familiar. My Mama reads all those
books about Jean Phillipe. Goes on
and on about him all day and night.
Jean Phillipe this, Jean Phillipe
that. It's like a soap opera. Well,
I am duly honored to meet you. And,
speaking of honored, Mack, can you
honor us with a selection? I haven't
heard you play live in such a long
time.

JULIAN
I told you I'd give you tickets any
time you wanted.

30.

PEARSON
But I'm such a busy man.

JULIAN
So I see. Pearson, for you I'd sing
a rock opera. Sir, your instrument
please.

Pearson hands Julian his guitar.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Guess I don't have to ask if it's
tuned, eh?

Julian begins with a simple exercise and lets it flow slowly
into a beautiful harmony that attracts several people into a
crowd.

Fay looks on, entranced by the performance as is Pearson and
the crowd.

After a moment, Julian shifts from the silent classical into
a thrumming metal riff and then slides back into the classical
melody.

After another few moments, Julian quits as quietly as he
began.

The crowd erupts in applause and new dollars and coins are
flung into Pearson's open guitar case.

As the crowd disperses, Julian looks down at the guitar case
with a smile.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Don't say I never gave you anything.

PEARSON
You want a cut?

JULIAN
Are you kidding?

Julian hands back the guitar.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Thank you, kind sir.

Pearson bows after receiving the guitar.

PEARSON
Your servant, Mr. Mack.

Julian and Fay walk away down the path and into a more tree-
lined area of the park.

FAY

That was beautiful...that thing you played. Did you write it yourself?

JULIAN

Can't claim the credit on that one. That was from my good friend W.A. Mozart.

They walk in silence for a moment past trees, joggers and old men playing chess.

FAY

How can you...I mean, classical and heavy metal don't really go together, but you fit them together like they were from the same song. How can you do that?

Julian pauses next to a concrete wall and motions for Fay to sit. They sit for a moment and look out at a small lake.

JULIAN

Do you like puzzles?

FAY

What?

JULIAN

Have you ever put together a puzzle?

FAY

Sure. When I was a kid. I had this Wizard of Oz puzzle I must have put together fifty times. Sometimes my mom would help me but most times I'd just do it by myself.

JULIAN

Right. Well, the more you put the puzzle together, the easier it got to figure out where all the pieces went. But that first or second time, you probably had no clue. A black piece could have been a castle, the sky or the witch. You just had to see where it fit.

FAY

So, what's putting a puzzle together have to do with the way you played back there?

JULIAN

I'm getting there. Sometimes you have to sneak up on an explanation with a long opening.

Fay gets up and pushes away from the wall.

FAY

Ooh! So, what you're saying is that you have no idea.

Fay walks toward the lake with Julian following.

JULIAN

Now, hold on. I was getting to an actual point. Classical music, metal music. It's all a bunch of notes strung together. Right? So, you put the right notes in the right order and you've got a melody. Classical and metal are just style. It's got more to do with the instruments. You can take any melody and play it any way you want to. Like I could take any Barry Manilow song and play it as country, metal, pop, whatever. It's still gonna be the same melody though.

FAY

Again. That doesn't explain how you can take two different styles and switch between them even if you're still on the same melody. They're completely different.

JULIAN

Yeah, but sometimes, when you put two completely different things together, they make one new thing.

Julian motions at a guy selling hot dogs from a cart.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Like a chili dog. You've got the chili. Okay, a delicious meal in its own right. And you've got the hot dog, a mystery meat but still food. Put them together and you've got something new and exciting. A virtual cornucopia of a meal.

FAY

So, your classical and metal put together is a virtual cornucopia of music.

JULIAN

Something like that. What about you?

FAY

What about me?

JULIAN

Have you ever tried experimenting with a new style of novel? Ever wrote a mystery or science fiction or anything but romance?

FAY

What? No, I couldn't do that.

JULIAN

Why not?

FAY

I wouldn't even know where to start.

JULIAN

Start at the beginning.

FAY

No, I know that. I mean, I've never done anything different. I wouldn't know how to approach it.

JULIAN

It can't be that much different than writing a romance novel, right? You've got characters, a plot...you let them loose and they go where they will.

FAY

It seems like that sometimes. I mean, there's times when it seems like Jean Phillippe's got a mind of his own.

JULIAN

Maybe he does.

FAY

What?

JULIAN

You created the character so he acts a certain way in a given situation. But how does he act when he's in a new situation or outside of his element?

FAY

I don't know. With this new novel, I put Jean Phillippe in different situations and he's acted, well, kind of crazy.

JULIAN

Maybe crazy is good.

FAY
What if my fans don't like crazy?

JULIAN
Then you get new fans.

FAY
But some of my fans have been
following Jean Phillipe for ten years.

JULIAN
Obviously, they need a change. Hey,
I've got a crazy idea. What are you
doing for lunch?

FAY
I...I don't know. Why?

Julian laughs.

JULIAN
Why? I'm starving. Let's go get
something to eat. In the mood for
anything special?

Fay looks slightly alarmed.

FAY
What do you mean?

JULIAN
What are you hungry for?

FAY
Oh sorry. I don't know. A sandwich?

JULIAN
Is that a question or statement?

They move off down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. DELI -- DAY

At a local deli, Fay and Julian sit at a two-chair table,
eating, talking, and laughing.

JULIAN
So Danny comes out of the bathroom
with a huge stain by his crotch,
mumbling like an idiot. April takes
one look at him and takes off from
the apartment.

Fay bursts out laughing.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I don't think we ever saw her or that sweater again.

FAY

Oh, that's terrible.

JULIAN

A terrible end to a terrible relationship. What about you? Have you...I mean, is there a Mr. Fay?

FAY

What? No. Never a Mr. Fay. I mean, I've never been married.

JULIAN

Yeah, me neither. There was this girl once. She was kind of special. But things happened and I had to leave.

FAY

Have you ever tried to get a hold of her?

JULIAN

No, I kinda messed up my chances. I think I might have overpowered her with my attention.

FAY

I knew a guy like that.

JULIAN

Yeah. So, what do you do when you're not typing?

FAY

I type some more. Type, type, type. All day long.

JULIAN

You must have written a ton of books.

FAY

Books, yeah I...Books! I've got to go.

She stands up quickly.

JULIAN

Fay, what's the matter? Is it something I said?

FAY

What? No, not at all, Billy.

(MORE)

FAY (CONT'D)

Thanks for taking me to lunch. I had a great time. I'm supposed to be getting a call from my agent at home.

JULIAN

Don't you have a cell phone?

FAY

A cell...No. No, I don't. I guess I never needed one.

She takes off toward the exit.

FAY (CONT'D)

Thanks again Billy. I'll see you at the store some time.

She leaves and Julian examines his drink.

JULIAN

I've got to tell her. She's gonna kill me.

CUT TO:

INT. FAY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Fay rushes into her apartment just as the phone stops ringing and kicks on the answering machine.

VOICEMAIL

Um, you've reached Fay. Leave a message and I'll get back to you.

STUART

Fay, this is Stuart--

Fay reaches the answering machine and picks up the receiver.

FAY

Stuart. Hey, it's Fay. Sorry I'm a little late. I just got in.

STUART

Sure Fay, no problem. Look, I've been reading your latest and there's some things that don't sit right with me. It doesn't sound like a regular Fay Clark at all.

FAY

What do you mean? Is it...better?

STUART

What do I mean? Okay, let me give you a for instance.

She can hear papers rustling in the background.

STUART (CONT'D)

Okay, how about this? Page 173.
And Jean Phillipe unslung his trusty
mandolin Woody from behind his back
to serenade the Princess with songs
of passion, songs of romance once
knew, and songs of dwarf love.

FAY

And?

STUART

What the heck's dwarf love, Fay?
And he's got a mandolin made entirely
out of gold. Do you have any idea
how much that would weigh?

Fay sinks to the floor.

FAY

I don't understand. Valentino had a
golden mandolin named Woody and no
one made fun of him.

STUART

What? Where did you get that?
Valentino was tone deaf.

FAY

Are you sure?

STUART

Very. Fay, half of this stuff is
ridiculous. Okay, here's another
one. Jean Phillipe says, My darling,
did you not realize that the melody
of the mandolin can make a charging
rhino stop in its tracks, it can put
a room full of babies to sleep, and
it can bring your dead mother back
to life. Now, how's a mandolin gonna
bring someone back to life, Fay?
Look, I'm gonna need a complete
rewrite on this. Get rid of the
mandolin, Fay.

Stuart hangs up as Fay sits on her floor, looking aghast.
Her look of surprise slowly becomes a look of extreme anger.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY EDDIE'S MUSIC -- DAY

Billy stands lazily reading a magazine when Fay storms in.
She approaches the counter and bangs on it.

Billy slowly lowers his magazine.

BILLY
Can I help you?

FAY
Where's Billy?

BILLY
I'm Billy.

FAY
No, I mean the other Billy.

BILLY
What other Billy?

FAY
Billy. Billy the Shank.

BILLY
I'm Billy the Shank.

FAY
Are you trying to tell me there's
two Billy the Shanks?

BILLY
Not that I know of. But it's a big
city.

FAY
Look, there's another guy that works
here. Long brown hair. Kinda okay
looking.

BILLY
And his name's Billy the Shank?

FAY
Yes. No! That's what he called
himself.

As Fay begins to yell a little, a man with big, crazy hair
and dressed in a suit, EDDIE, comes out of a nearby office.

EDDIE
What seems to be the problem here?

Billy shrugs.

FAY
I've been coming in here for the
past few weeks and talking to Billy
the Shank.

(MORE)

FAY (CONT'D)

Now this guy says he's Billy the Shank and he's never heard of the Billy the Shank that I've been talking to. Now, where's Billy the Shank?

Eddie and Billy exchange looks, then Eddie leans in close to Fay.

EDDIE

Ma'am, are you taking any hallucinogens?

Fay screams in frustration and exits the store.

Eddie looks at Billy.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

What was that about?

Billy shrugs.

BILLY

I think she thinks I'm Julian.

EDDIE

You don't look like Julian.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Fay walks in and approaches the receptionist's desk.

FAY

Oh, hey. I'm here for my...

She trails off as the receptionist stares straight at her.

FAY (CONT'D)

What?

RECEPTIONIST

Miss Clark, how long have you been coming to this office?

FAY

I don't know. Why?

RECEPTIONIST

It's been two years. And your appointment has always been at 11:30 every Wednesday.

FAY

Okay.

RECEPTIONIST
You can have a seat.

FAY
Thank you.

Fay wanders over to a seat, which falls over as soon as she sits down.

The receptionist trots out of her area and stands above Fay, glaring at her.

FAY (CONT'D)
I didn't do it. I swear.

RECEPTIONIST
You're sitting in it.

FAY
That doesn't mean what you think it does.

RECEPTIONIST
Where's all the bolts?

FAY
I don't know. I didn't take them.

The door to Doctor Fielding's office opens and out walks Doctor Fielding and Julian, sharing a laugh. Julian is tossing and catching some bolts.

Fay notices him and quickly scrambles to her feet.

FAY (CONT'D)
You!

Julian squeaks as everyone turns to face Fay.

FAY (CONT'D)
You did this! You're not Billy the Shank!

FIELDING
Fay, are you all right?

FAY
No, this devil is ruining my life!

FIELDING
Julian?

Fay screams and faints.

Fielding looks at Julian, who shrugs noncommittally.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR FIELDING'S OFFICE -- DAY

Fay's eyes flutter open. She's lying on the couch in Doctor Fielding's office.

Fielding is looming over her, patting her head with a wet cloth.

FIELDING

There. You've come back to us.

FAY

Doctor Fielding, I've had this terrible dream.

She looks past Fielding to see Julian leaning on a desk.

She screams.

FAY (CONT'D)

The dream won't stop. It's the devil!

FIELDING

Fay, this is Julian Mack, one of my clients.

Fay immediately curls up on the couch, grabbing her legs and points at Julian.

FAY

He's the one. He did this to me.

FIELDING

Julian, maybe you should--

FAY

No! I want the devil where I can see him. He's the one, Doctor Fielding! He's The Julian.

FIELDING

The Julian?

FAY

Yes! He's the one from school. And now he's following me into my adult life so he can finish the job.

FIELDING

What job?

FAY

I don't know yet. But he ruined my book. And he's making the receptionist think I'm destroying your office.

FIELDING

Okay. I think we may be able to clear this up a bit. Maybe not all the way...but close enough. Julian, are you The Julian?

JULIAN

I'm afraid so.

FAY

I knew it! You're the devil!

FIELDING

Julian, are you the devil?

JULIAN

Not that I know of. I've been called that before though.

FIELDING

So, you could be the devil.

FAY

He is!

As Julian moves closer, Fay attempts to dissolve into the back of the couch.

JULIAN

Look, I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner, Fay. I knew who you were when you walked into that store. I just thought you might not remember me so fondly and might act a bit crazy if I told you who I was.

FAY

Crazy! I'm not crazy. I've got the devil following me, but I'm not crazy.

JULIAN

I'm not the devil.

He glances at Doctor Fielding.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Not that I know of.

Julian drops to the rug in front of the couch.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Look, Fay, I'm sorry for all that stuff I did when we were younger. I was just infatuated with you and I got a little carried away. I'm all grown up now.

FAY
But what about my book?

JULIAN
What book?

FAY
The one I'm writing. You lied to me about everything. All those stories about dwarf love and mandolins. It was all lies.

Fielding mouths the words "dwarf love?" To Julian.

JULIAN
Yeah, sorry about that. I guess I was just making stuff up so you wouldn't leave. Sorry.

FIELDING
There. See. Everything has a logical explanation. He's not the devil.

FAY
I don't know. What about the waiting room? Why have you been booby-trapping the furniture?

JULIAN
I don't get you.

FAY
Why did you take the bolts out of the chair?

Julian laughs.

JULIAN
Oh, sorry. I've got a few nervous ticks. I like to fiddle with stuff. Probably my A.D.H.D.

Fielding looks from Fay to Julian.

FIELDING
Well, this has been therapeutic. So, everything copasetic?

Julian extends his hand.

JULIAN
Fay, I'm sorry for all of this. Can you forgive me?

Fay looks at the hand like it's going to bite her, then reluctantly takes it and shakes.

FAY

I guess. Are you done tormenting me?

JULIAN

I promise. No more tormenting. Look, I'll even make it up to you. How would you like to come to a small party that the band's having this Friday?

FIELDING

Why, I'd love to.

JULIAN

I'm afraid I can't invite you, Doc. If the APA finds out, there could be serious repercussions for violating doctor and patient confidentiality and all.

FIELDING

I won't tell them if you don't.

JULIAN

Sorry, Doc.
(to Fay)
So, what do you say?

FAY

I don't know. I'm not really into loud parties with lots of people.

JULIAN

Who said anything about loud parties with lots of people? It'll just be me and the band and a few other people. Nothing big.

FAY

Okay. Can I bring someone with me?

JULIAN

Sure. Why not? It's at the Shark Lounge, Friday, at Seven pm. Know the place?

FAY

I'll find it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Fay and Amanda are in Amanda's car, driving to the party.

AMANDA

So, you didn't say much beyond party.
What party? Who party? Where party?

FAY

Um, it's at this place called the
Shark Lounge.

AMANDA

Know it. Don't go there as a rule.
Too many musicians. It's not too
far from here.

FAY

I was invited by a musician. So, I
hope that's okay.

AMANDA

I didn't say all musicians were
creeps, just the one I knew.

FAY

This one's kinda cute.

AMANDA

Most of them are, honey. Cute don't
translate to brains or personality.
Believe me.

FAY

Okay. See, I knew you'd steer me
straight. I'm surprised I don't get
taken advantage of more often.

AMANDA

How would you know if you were?

Amanda peers through the windshield as they turn a corner
and approach the Shark Lounge. There's a crowd of people
outside, waiting to get inside.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I thought you said it was a small
party.

FAY

Oh, I don't know. Maybe we ought to
go somewhere else. I don't do well
around a lot of people.

AMANDA

Come on. The more people, the more
we have to pick from.

Fay groans.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHARK LOUNGE -- NIGHT

Amanda and Fay are at the front of the line, waiting to enter.

The bouncer nods at them, and they approach the doors. He stops them while consulting papers on a clipboard.

BOUNCER

Name?

FAY

Fay Clarke and friend.

The bouncer takes a moment to look at Amanda.

BOUNCER

And you are?

AMANDA

Friend.

The bouncer unhooks the rope crossing the entrance and they go in.

Inside, it is your typical bar scene. Lots of smoke everywhere, noise, and music blaring. In a separate room, there are a few pool tables, and in another, there is a big screen showing the lyrics as someone sings karaoke.

Amanda looks around.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So, where's your Romeo at?

FAY

Oh, we're just friends.

AMANDA

Uh huh.

FAY

Um, I don't know.

Around one booth in the main area is a crowd of people, mainly girls, who are chanting something.

Suddenly, they give a loud yell and the crowd parts just enough for Fay to catch a glimpse of Julian, seated at the booth, playing some kind of drinking game.

FAY (CONT'D)

I think I see him.

Julian takes a drink and falls over.

FAY (CONT'D)

That can't be good.

They edge through the crowd to the table, to find Julian under the table, giggling.

Fay bends down to look under the table.

FAY (CONT'D)

Julian?

JULIAN

Fay? Hey, how you doing?

FAY

Better than you.

JULIAN

Yeah, I...uh...

Fay grabs his arm and helps him sit up on the seat. As she helps him, Danny walks up to the table, carrying a couple of drinks.

DANNY

Man, you need to see this--

He stops when he sees Amanda, gives out a yelp and turns quickly, beginning to flee.

He is halted by a hand on his shoulder.

AMANDA

Well, if it isn't Daniel Moore.
What a coincidence.

Danny turns back around with a sheepish grin on his face.

DANNY

Amanda. Wow. Did someone invite you here?

AMANDA

Yeah, Fay did. And you've got a lot of explaining to do.

She grabs his arm and guides him away.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Like why did I wake up alone and never see you again, and why...

Julian shakes his head, watching the pair move away.

FAY

Sounds like they know each other.

JULIAN

Yeah. Small world.

Julian looks around to find the crowd still around the table.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, everyone. You need to find something else to do.

As the crowd disperses, Fay slips into the booth opposite Julian.

FAY

So...

JULIAN

So.

Lenny, the large and hairy drummer, walks over to the booth and slips in next to Fay, dropping a large, hairy arm over her shoulders.

While Fay looks over in horror, Lenny grins largely at her.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Hey Lenny, why don't you go get some Corn Nuts?

Lenny raises his free hand, which is holding a large bag of Corn Nuts. He raises his eyebrows at Julian.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Go find something else to do, please.

Lenny shrugs, stands up, and shuffles away.

Fay's eyes follow him and she sees Amanda and Danny standing just outside of the bathroom. She's yelling at him.

FAY

Are all your parties like this?

JULIAN

This one's actually kind of tame.

FAY

And who was that big, hairy fella?

JULIAN

That's just Lenny. He's our drummer. He's really a decent guy, as long as you keep him full of Corn Nuts.

Fay looks around nervously, sees Amanda and Danny now kissing passionately.

FAY

I'm really not much into crowds.

JULIAN

Let's go somewhere a little more quiet.

They stand up and he guides her into the room where the Karaoke machine is.

In that room, a group of girls are singing along to the theme of "The Love Boat" as Julian and Fay take a seat at a table near the back of the room.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

How's this?

FAY

Better. I guess.

JULIAN

So, tell me, I know you've been writing books. Anything else interesting since the elementary school days?

FAY

Oh no, not really.

The girls at the Karaoke finish and Lenny approaches the stage, with the top three buttons of his shirt now undone and chest hair flowing out.

JULIAN

But you write romance novels. That should be exciting in some weird way.

FAY

No, it's really not. I'm not really into exciting. I just do a lot of nice, quiet writing.

Lenny's song choice, "Staying Alive" by the Bee Gees comes on and, in the background, Lenny begins to sing in a very eerie falsetto.

JULIAN

But, what about book signing, and...

Julian pauses mid-conversation, looks up at Lenny and then slowly turns back to Fay.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

That is possibly the weirdest thing I have ever seen.

Fay laughs.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

And I've seen quite a few weird things in my life. Hey, you want to get out of here? I'm starving. Let's go for a ride.

Fay glances around the room.

FAY

I don't know. I came with Amanda.
I'd hate to leave her.

JULIAN

I don't think you have to worry about
her for a while.

Julian points at a corner in the Karaoke room, where Danny
and Amanda are sitting in a booth.

Danny has his head on Amanda's shoulder and is sobbing loudly.

FAY

What happened to him?

JULIAN

I think he just found out he has a
girlfriend.

FAY

Oh. And that's sad?

JULIAN

Apparently.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

Fay is driving while Julian slouches in the passenger seat,
sticking his shoes out the window.

FAY

So, where did your family end up
after you left?

JULIAN

Oh, we moved around a few places.
Dad worked for this company that had
offices all over the state. Turn
here.

Julian gestures with his hand as Fay turns left.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, we ended up moving three times
after that. Right after the last
time, I was in high school, and I
kinda put my foot down. I wanted to
graduate with kids I knew.
Actually...turn here...I graduated
with Danny and Brandon.

FAY

Who's Brandon?

JULIAN

That's right. You didn't meet him.
He plays keyboards. Danny, Brandon
and I formed this band with another
kid when we were in high school.
Ooh, right here.

Julian points at a large building, where there is a large
amount of cars in the parking lot. The sign by the entrance
states "Barnes-Greenfield Reception".

Fay pulls into the parking lot.

FAY

A wedding?

JULIAN

Yeah. Anyway, I started writing
some songs and the crowds seemed to
like them well enough. We sent some
stuff off and about three years later
we had a record contract.

FAY

Three years? That seems like a long
time.

They get out of the car and walk toward the entrance.

FAY (CONT'D)

It took me a little time to get
someone to publish one of my books.
The first two were learning exercises.
You know, just polishing. Writing
the kinks out. By the time I got
into a groove, Jean Phillippe was
born.

They enter and Julian guides them toward the buffet line.

Fay pauses to look around and sees everyone, except
themselves, dressed in either a tux, suit, or dress.

FAY (CONT'D)

Aren't we a little under-dressed?

JULIAN

They won't mind. So, you stuck with
Jean Phillippe this whole time? Never
wrote another gigolo into existence?

Julian grabs a plate and starts heaping food onto it. Fay
does the same.

FAY

Jean Phillippe's not a gigolo. He's
a..um...

JULIAN

What do you call a guy that sleeps
with someone else's wife?

FAY

An adulterer.

JULIAN

So, that's better than a gigolo then?

FAY

Well, what about you? I'm sure you
don't write songs about the moon and
stars and fluffy stuff like that.

JULIAN

Yeah, you're right. I don't think
I've ever written a single song about
fluffy stuff.

They move away from the buffet line with loaded plates and
head for a table with a couple empty seats.

As they sit, an elderly gentleman in a tux looks at Julian
quizzically. Julian nods.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

They sit.

FAY

So, what do you write about? Love?
Naked women?

JULIAN

I can honestly say that I've never
written a song about naked
women...except that one. And she
had a hat on.

Fay laughs.

Behind them, the DJ stops the music for an announcement.

DJ

Ladies and gentlemen, for this next
dance, I want all the guys to line
up with their wallets in hand cause
it's dollar dance with the bride.

The bride, a really stunning girl, steps out and dances with
the first guy in line.

FAY

Wow. She's beautiful. Do you know
her?

JULIAN
Never seen her before.

FAY
What? Do you know anybody here?

JULIAN
Nope.

Fay looks around nervously.

FAY
Oh my gosh. Isn't this a crime somehow?

JULIAN
Just a moral one. I don't think crashing a wedding qualifies as a real crime.

FAY
But, oh my gosh. What have you done to me? Is this how Bonnie and Clyde started their life of crime?

JULIAN
I'm pretty sure you won't go from crashing a wedding to robbing a bank. But I could be wrong? You've got a crazy look in your eye. Hey, are gonna eat that?

Julian points to a deviled egg on her plate.

FAY
What? I feel like I stole this food.

Julian takes the egg and scarfs it down.

JULIAN
Good. Then you won't mind me eating it.

The song ends and the DJ puts on a slow song.

The lights dim and one shines, hitting Fay in a slight glow. Julian pauses in his eating to stare at Fay with a slight smile on his lips.

After a moment, she notices that he's staring at her.

FAY
What?

JULIAN
It's just that...Hey, you want to dance?

FAY

I can't.

JULIAN

Sure you can. Anyone can dance.

FAY

No, I can't get in front of all those people.

JULIAN

You won't be in front. You'll be mixed in, like a box of assorted chocolates.

He stands up and offers her his hand.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Come on. What do you say?

Fay takes his hand and stands up.

FAY

Okay.

He guides her out onto the dance floor, where they slowly dance.

After a moment, Fay places her head on his chest. Julian smiles.

Julian lifts Fay's chin and kisses her.

In the middle of the kiss, Fay breaks away from him and runs out of the building.

Julian follows. As he gets outside, he finds Fay leaning against the car.

JULIAN

Fay, I'm sorry. I thought...

Fay turns her head.

FAY

Can we just go?

JULIAN

Anything you want.

Without another word, they get into the car. Julian drives.

They travel in silence for a while.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

So, back to the Lounge?

01.

FAY
I think Amanda can take care of herself. Can you drop me off at my apartment?

JULIAN
Sure. Anything you'd like.

They drive in silence again.

Soon, they pull up in front of Fay's apartment and stop. She reaches for the handle and Julian stops her.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Fay, I'm sorry about the wedding thing. I guess I didn't--

FAY
You know, Julian, you're a really sweet guy. I really like you. I do. But we're just too different. Don't take this the wrong way, but everything you do embarrasses me in some way. And it's really not you. It's me. I'm working with Doctor Fielding, but I've got a really long way to go.

JULIAN
And we can't see each other while you're working it out?

FAY
I think you'll just make it worse.

JULIAN
Was it all just me? Did I do this to you?

FAY
I don't know. I don't think you helped. I...I've got to go.

Fay throws open the door, steps out and closes it behind her.

Julian opens his door and gets out quickly as Fay treads the stairs in front of her apartment.

She reaches for the door handle as he stops her.

JULIAN
Fay!

She turns around, hand still on the handle.

02.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Fay, don't you even want to try?
Aren't you lonely?

FAY
(whispering)
Yes.

She turns quickly and enters the building.

Slowly and while still looking toward the building, Julian gets back in the car.

He sits down and looks out the window toward Fay's building.

JULIAN
I am too.

He takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Fay runs across the apartment foyer, past Frank's desk, without looking up.

Frank raises his hand in greeting hesitantly.

FRANK
Miss Clark?

She makes it to the elevator door and quickly pushes the button, still managing to keep her head down.

Frank moves slightly from his desk toward her.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Miss Clark, are you all right?

FAY
Yeah, I'm just...

The elevator doors open and she quickly scoots inside, jabbing the close door button before Frank can get any closer.

Once the doors close, she slips to floor and begins to cry.

The doors open on her floor to reveal Gregory, who looks concernedly down at her.

GREGORY
Hey, you doing all right?

Fay looks up at Gregory, with her mascara running down her face.

05.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Hey, you kinda look like one of them
raccoons, you know?

Fay bawls harder.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Oh, hey look, I was only trying to
lighten the mood, you know.

Gregory offers a hand and she rises to her feet.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
Did somebody hurt you or something?

FAY
No, not that. There's this guy--

GREGORY
Relationship problems, huh? Tell me
about it. That's why I haven't dated
for like ten years. Plus mom doesn't
like it when I'm out a lot on dates
and stuff. And if mom's not happy,
nobody's happy. You know what I
mean? Oh hey, and here's your door.

They stop right outside her door.

FAY
You share an apartment with your
mother?

GREGORY
Oh sure. Well, somebody's gotta
take care of her, you know.

FAY
Well, thank you so much for helping
me to my apartment. I'd probably
still be there, crying on the floor.

GREGORY
That's not a problem.

A door opens down the hall and an old lady sticks her head
out, yelling toward Gregory.

OLD LADY
Gregory, what are you doing? I told
you to get me another pack of smokes.

GREGORY
Yeah. Okay, ma!

The old lady closes the door, muttering.

OLD LADY
Big, stupid ape.

GREGORY
Oh, hey, I better get going. You
gonna be all right?

FAY
Yeah. Maybe. I don't know.

GREGORY
Okay...or not.

Fay unlocks her door and turns back as Gregory goes down the hall.

She moves in and quickly shuts the door behind her. As she walks past the answering machine, Fay sees that it's blinking wildly.

She pauses and pushes the button.

STUART
Fay, it's Stuart. Hay, I've got some really strange news. Well, not strange, but good. Anyway, my boss, Deann, she saw your manuscript. You know, the one I asked you to rewrite. Anyway, she sees the manuscript and picks it up and reads it. I guess she thought it was your new book, which it is...or was. Anyway, long story short, she can't put it down. Said it was the funniest thing she ever read. In fact, she liked it so much, she passed it on immediately to the publisher over at Genevieve Books and they want to offer you some impressive figures for it. Deann thinks this could be a really good direction, not just for Jean Phillipe, but for the entire industry. She's really excited. Give me a call back as soon as you can.

Fay pushes the button again and wanders, slightly dazed, into her living room.

She falls onto the couch and stares at the blank television screen.

She turns her head and stares out the window and into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED ISLAND -- DAY

Jean Phillipe lounges in a hammock, sipping on a half-opened coconut.

Young Lady enters the clearing, her hands full of brush and wood and a piece of her dress tied around her forehead, like Rambo.

When she hears Jean Phillipe's slurping sounds, she stops and looks at him in semi-disgust.

YOUNG LADY

Oh my brave, industrious Romeo. Can you not rouse yourself long enough to assist me in constructing a shelter against the coming squall?

Jean Phillipe shrugs, utters a non-committal "Eh" and turns away from her.

The young lady drops her armful of brush in anger.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)

That's it. We've been stuck on this hunk of rock for three weeks and you have yet to muster the strength to get out of that hammock, except long enough to eat and relieve yourself. I tell you what, the next ship that comes by, I'm hopping aboard and leaving you here to rot. And you can bet your velvet undershirt that I'm heading straight back to the Count as soon as I'm back on dry land.

Jean rouses himself slightly and turns toward the young lady.

JEAN

Ah, my dulcet darling. Could you do one small thing for me?

She moves toward him and grabs the edge of the hammock.

YOUNG LADY

What is it, my love?

JEAN

Could you run to the other side of the island and catch another one of those crabs, like the one we devoured last week? You know, the big tasty one?

YOUNG LADY

Ooh!

00.
Frustrated, the young lady upends the hammock, spilling Jean Phillipe onto the ground and then storms off.

JEAN

And see if you can find any shrimp,
eh?

CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Fay drops her head down onto her keyboard and lets it rest there.

Gwynneth looks over, concerned.

GWYNNETH

Experiencing difficulties, dear?

Fay groans.

MARILYN

Perhaps she's gone and had an embolism.

GWYNNETH

Shouldn't think so dear. Fay, dear, have you been getting enough sleep?

Fay keeps her head on the keyboard.

FAY

I can't sleep.

GWYNNETH

See. It's not an embolism after all. Simply a lack of sleep.

MARILYN

Could be a tumor, you know. Mine keeps me up some nights.

GWYNNETH

(to Fay)

And why can't you sleep, dear?

FAY

Every time I close my eyes, I see him.

GWYNNETH

See who, dear?

FAY

Julian.

GWYNNETH

And who's that?

FAY

The musician. I can't get him out of my head.

MARILYN

Have you tried counting sheep? That always puts me right out. Sometimes, I even count ferrets.

FAY

I haven't seen him in over a week, but I can't stop thinking about him. What if he put some kind of voodoo curse on me?

GWYNNETH

Sounds more like you're in love, dear.

Fay pulls her head up.

FAY

What? I can't be in love.

GWYNNETH

Why not, dear. It can happen to the best of us.

FAY

But he's...but I'm...We're so different!

MARILYN

My fourth husband and I were like that. He was into quiet walks on the beach and candle-lit dinners and, well you know me, I'm more into drag racing and chili dogs. But it all seemed to work out. The pieces just fit. We complimented each other. His strengths balanced out my weaknesses and mine did the same to his. Well, until he choked to death on that chicken bone. It was all down hill after that.

GWYNNETH

Marilyn, dear, I believe that was the most coherent thing I've heard you say in over four years.

MARILYN

Medicine must be working then.

FAY

So, maybe it could all work out.

MARILYN

And, if it doesn't you can always
put a chicken bone in the middle of
his chicken salad sandwich.

Fay stands up.

FAY

I've got to find him. I've got...but
I don't even know where he works.
Where would you find a musician?

GWYNNETH

A concert?

MARILYN

The supermarket?

GWYNNETH

A record store?

MARILYN

Getting his hair cut.

FAY

That's it.

GWYNNETH

He's gone to get his hair cut, dear?

FAY

No, I met him in the music store
down the street. Maybe they know
how I can find him.

GWYNNETH

It's worth a try, dear.

Fay walks across the store to the exit.

FAY

Ladies, can you watch my laptop for
me?

GWYNNETH

Of course, dear.

Fay exits.

MARILYN

Where's Fay gone then?

GWYNNETH

Where you just sleeping through that
entire conversation, dear?

MARILYN
I just had a conversation?

CUT TO:

INT. CRAZY EDDIE'S MUSIC -- DAY

Fay barges into Crazy Eddie's Music Store and walks straight up to the counter, where Billy the Shank is reading a magazine.

After a moment, she clears her throat and Billy looks over the top of the magazine at her.

FAY
Yeah. Hi. Um, I was just wandering...Can you tell me where I can find Julian? Only, it's just that I think I blew my big chance with him and he's probably left town and I don't know if he'll ever forgive me. So, please, do you know where I can find him?

Billy nods his head toward the other side of the showroom.

Fay turns her head to see Julian sitting on a stool, strumming on a guitar and smiling at her.

JULIAN
Hey, Fay.

As she rushes over to him, he places the guitar on the ground. She reaches him and he sweeps her up into his arms.

FAY
Oh, I was wrong. This whole week has been terrible. I feel like I lost my best friend in the whole--

He places a single finger on her lips and smiles.

JULIAN
Fay, I understand. It's alright.

She pulls away.

FAY
No, it's not alright. I know we're different. And I'm okay with that. Cause sometimes, differences can be good. Like Marilyn was telling this story--

Julian reaches forward, places his hands on either side of her face and kisses her passionately.

After a long moment, they separate.

JULIAN
I've wanted to do that for a very
long time.

Fay smiles and leans into his chest as he holds her.

FAY
Now what?

JULIAN
Now, we see what life does.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED ISLAND -- DAY

Jean Phillipe holds the young lady as she lays her head on his chest.

YOUNG LADY
Oh, my darling, we're saved.

They look out and, not far from the shore, rests a large, multi-sailed ship.

JEAN
Yeah, you know that's right. Well, my fragile fondue, are you prepared for a bit of a swim.

YOUNG LADY
I'd swim the ocean to be with you, Jean Phillipe.

JEAN
Yeah. Ditto on that, eh?

They walk forward a step when Jean Phillipe stops suddenly.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Oh, wait, I almost forgot.

He turns around and runs back into the brush and comes running back, second later, with a guitar in his hands.

YOUNG LADY
But, Jean Phillipe, how will you ever swim with that?

JEAN
But I can't leave old Blue behind.

The young lady looks at the guitar.

YOUNG LADY
Jean Phillipe, I've been meaning to ask you about that.

21.

JEAN
No time, my dusted, desert Delilah.
Onward to freedom.

They run to the surf, jump in and begin to swim out to the ship.

Even while lugging the guitar, Jean is able to spend wide swim strokes and they get closer to the ship.

On board the ship, several men lift a drenched Young Lady onto the deck.

Seconds later, they lift up Jean Phillipe and his guitar and deposit him in a heap.

JEAN (CONT'D)
You know, that was really good of
you guys--

YOUNG LADY
Jean Phillipe!

JEAN
Yes, my love?

The young lady motions toward the crew, which are all dressed as pirates and are currently leering at the couple.

Jean Phillipe rises to his feet.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I may not be able to take you all,
but I'll fight the toughest one of
you for our freedom.

Jean Phillipe, clutching his guitar, looks around defiantly as the crew begins to snicker.

JEAN (CONT'D)
What? Do I got a booger or something?

Jean wipes his nose, while the crew busts out laughing.

One particularly ugly pirate, with a hook for an arm, an eye patch and a large top hat motions to a door by the stairs.

PIRATE
Want to fight the toughest of us,
eh? That'd be the Captain then.
Oh, Captain, got some people want to
see you!

A footstep followed by a clump is heard behind the door. It is followed by another foot step and a clump.

Suddenly the door swings open and out walks a dwarf with a peg leg and strumming a mandolin.

Jean Phillipe's eyes widen in shock.

JEAN
Roggespierre!

The dwarf smiles.

ROGGESPIERRE
Ah, Jean Phillipe, we meet again.
And who is this beautiful lady you
have here?

Jean Phillipe touches a hidden panel on the bottom of his guitar and pulls a sword out, dropping the guitar to the side.

JEAN
Prepare to meet your maker, you tiny
evil man!

Roggespierre touches a hidden panel on his mandolin and pulls out a much smaller sword.

ROGGESPIERRE
Bring it on!

Jean Phillipe and Roggespierre sneer at each other.

FADE OUT: